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Judge

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KING JOHN BULL AND THE DEMOCRATIC PIE.

Sing a song of Surplus, for which all statesmen sigh;
Eight and thirty Blackbirds baked in a Pie.
When the Pie was opened, "Protection" they did sing,—
Wasn't that a pretty dish to set before a King!

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

President . . . W. J. ARKELL
Art Department . BERNHARD GILLAM
Editor . . . I. M. GREGORY

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TO JAY GOULD—Come home, my son! Everything has been outlawed and forgiven.

WE BEG to suggest to the widow Guelph, now that the 17th of March is here, that she deal gently with the Erin.

THE QUESTION is not whether a man is guilty, but how much money has he to pay his lawyers.

THE EXISTING STRIKE promises to last till the last armed foe on either side expires.

"WOT'S DE MATTER," asks a Tammany Democrat, "wid Dave Hill's liftenant-governor? Does he t'ink he's greater den his creator?"

MCGLYNN AND GEORGE are the best of friends, and therefore they had better be saved from each other.

GENERAL BUTLER, according to the *Sun*, is out of politics and is also happy. So, then, the general is dead, is he?

THE SPECTACLE of Neal Dow running on the Democratic ticket was very funny; but the burial of the man under Republican ballots is very sad.

TEARS FOR good old Father Alcott, together with the hope that he has finally learned the whichness of the why.

TO PROHIBITIONISTS—Gentlemen, have you heard the news from Maine, and what's your opinion of the policy of hate at this writing?

THIS COUNTRY gives up everything to Canada, but it may be hoped that it still has the privilege of casting its lines in its own inland waters. As long as it has the spirit of a country it must really insist on keeping that.

THE TARIFF QUESTION in the house has reached the point at which everybody goes to quarreling about it, and perhaps that's progress.

MR. CONKLING has demonstrated in two recent letters that he is a straight-out Republican. There ought to have been no doubt of it; but, anyhow, set it down as another great Republican victory.

WILL NOT Mr. Cleveland repeat his views regarding a second term? We do assure him that the country yearns for them.

THE ENGLISH WIFE of General Hawley is no bar to the general's presidential aspirations. Hereafter the question will not be where the candidate got his wife, but whether he has the woman.

WE GIVE OUR allegiance to the declaration that St. Patrick was a gintlemon—and may his descendants wear the green all over them excepting in the whites of their sharp eyes.

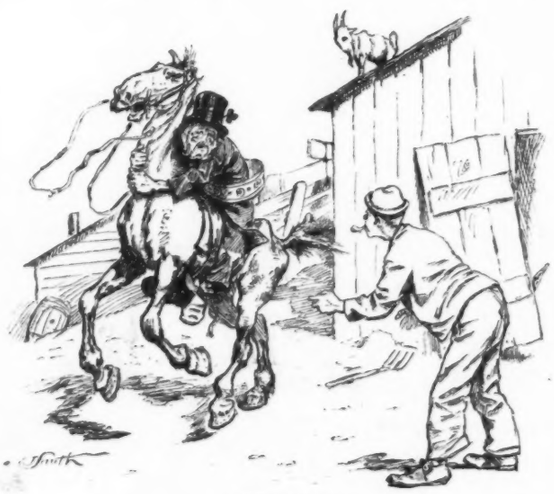
THE TARIFF—OUR GOOD FRIEND JOHN BULL.

The committee on the destruction of the tariff has at last rung up the curtain. The farce which is to be continued has just begun. Yet the patriotic posturing, the mimic wisdom, the kindly smiling on the south, protecting oranges to please Florida, sugar to keep Louisiana quiet, and giving free cotton wrap and bindage to the obstreperous Carolinas, and at the same time attempting an amorous leer toward Miss Columbia, are taken by the cynic audience for just their worth.

The free-trade procession, laden with gifts, begins to move. Liverpool comes first with a salver of free salt. Saginaw, Syracuse and Wyoming are waived to the background. Why should we not exchange our white dollars, which will never come back, for this cheaper dug salt, and let our own men lie idle, and our mines, thousands of feet thick, sleep untroubled below the ground? Here is Canada, with its hewn beams, sawed boards, and shaven shingles, offered a free market of sixty million consumers, for the coming, so that the lumbermen in Michigan and Maine, with "occupation gone," can go farming or fishing?

"Cheap John" Bull, loaded like a Vulcan, bearing in sheets of iron, sheets tinned and untinned, wrought by English labor, says with honest bluffness, as he dumps his burden, "This is the key to lock up your Pittsburg mills, and plug the new tin mines of Dakota." Then comes the chemist with glycerine, free glycerine, made from the fat of the waste carcasses of the Argentine republic, to displace that made here by the growers of American pork. Here is free beeswax to lessen the labor and profit of your aparians, and here is cement, of which it is true you have abundant quarries, that we will trade you for gold. Here comes the ranchman from the pampas of South America, bringing free wool. This, he says, may displace the fleeces you raise on the granges of the west and on your little farms. It may possibly cheapen your carpets, yet if by diminishing your flocks it raises the cost of your meat you are rich, and we want, with the help of our Democratic friends, to divide.

The procession keeps on. Each contributor brings larger and larger loads, lightened by the lowering of protective duties, and by their largeness adding to, instead of diminishing, the accumulation in the treasury.



STARTING OUT.

MCFLY (*who, on previous parades, has always traveled on foot*)—"Collins!"
COLLINS—"Pfwhat is 't, Danny?"
MCFLY—"Oi t'ink av yez 'll do th' sem wid me hands as yez has wid me fate it's aisier Oi 'll ride."

The manager steps to the front, bows, and is received with boundless European applause. The importer throws up his hat, wild with hopes of profit. The Manchester man claps his cotton hands, and the Sheffield man clangs triumphantly his cymbals of iron, steel and brass.

Introduced by a wave of the presidential hand, John Bull steps to the foot-lights and thus briefly addresses the pit:—"One hundred years ago, my children, you left me with painful abruptness. Let that pass. I have tried to convince you that, good farmers as you are, it is wrong, if not foolish, for you to attempt anything else. Two or three times my Democratic friends have also tried to convince you. They purpose to do it again. I can make, if not all, almost all you want. My laborers are many, and my work is cheap; your laborers are few, your work is too costly. My quarrels have been many and expensive. France had, you know, to be kept within bounds. Russia had to be checked and India suppressed. Ireland still troubles me. The royal family must be kept up at a cost of about three million dollars a year. It is a very large family and uncomfortably expensive. The aristocracy, while purely ornamental, is a luxury I still must indulge. Then there is my navy (Secretary Whitney has purchased some of my plans); my subsidies to my merchant marine are larger even than you ever gave to your continental roads, and my armies in Hindoostan, China, Canada and Egypt, call for an outlay of hundreds of millions of dollars. These expenses are not, I know, of your making. Taxes bend the backs of my people. Help lift the load. I beg pardon for my first blunder, also for trying to coerce you in 1812. I regret that I endeavored with the piratical Alabama, and in various ways during your internicine trouble, to divide you. Just now, perhaps, I have been a little over-reaching in the Canadian fishery matter, and in fact I forgot you had any regard for your flag. This, however, was only a little matter of oversight—and trade. Now, stepping on your shores again, with the permission of another Democratic administration, which kindly patronizes my ships with your mails, and is also helping my Canadian Pacific railroad, I will conclude by saying, as did the prince of Orange, when as William the third he first landed on English soil, 'Mine vriends, I come for your good. I come for all your goods.'" J. A.

LONSDALE COMES to us this time without his Violet, and so we suppose he doesn't mean to do that to the proprieties.

PRECAUTIONARY.

Higgins—"Goin' up to de Cooper union?"

Wiggins—"Yaas."

Higgins—"Well, let's walk t'rough de Bowery under de elewated."

Wiggins—"Why?"

Higgins—"T' get a shower-bath, cully. Dey don't allow any uncleanly pussons in de union."

A POOR RULE THAT WON'T WORK BOTH WAYS.

Mother—"Johnny, did you ask your employer if you might get off to-day?"

Son—"No, the boss never speaks to me about it when he goes."

A UNANIMOUS VERDICT.

They were discussing the position of one Wright, who was a candidate for president of a match company and who got defeated.

"Well," said one, summing it up, "I'd rather be president than be Wright."

All concurred.

JACOB SHARP'S DUAL POSSIBILITIES.

And yet, as trial day approaches, his bondsmen seem to have no apprehension that it may be a case of Jake-ill or hide.

HIGHLY FLATTERING.

MR. HOPPER—"May I have the pleasure of this dance, Miss Snob?"
MISS SNOB (*wishing to show her preference*)—"Thanks, Mr. Hopper. I don't dance with every Tom-Dick-and-Harry, but I'll make an exception of you."

DRY ENOUGH.

To preach his sermon Parson White,
On Sunday cares intent,
With no umbrella, through the town,
Improvidently went.

The skies grew black, a sudden rain
Came pitilessly down,
And dripping wet our parson met
His brother parson—Brown.

"It's nearly time for church," said White,
"I was not wise like you;
Between my health and waiting flock
I'm puzzled what to do."

"Pass on into your pulpit, man,
And when you're there you'll be
Full dry enough, I'll warrant you!"
Said Parson Brown, said he.

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

VERY LIKELY.

When the clergy begin to form a "trust" we suppose it will be called a "trust in the Lord."

THOUGHT IT WAS A LAW TERM.

A.—"I understand the judge decided against you in your law-suit."

B.—"Yes."

A.—"It seems to me that it was an iniquitous decision."

B.—"I don't know—I haven't asked my lawyer yet."

SAD.

Jones was relating at his club a touching incident he had read in a newspaper.

"You see, my boy, it was a charming young girl, a second Venus, and she was so badly used at home that she went and threw herself into a well twenty feet deep. She might have dashed her brains out, poor thing, but fortunately there was about six feet of water at the bottom that broke her fall."

"Well! what happened then?" interrupted an intensely interested listener.

"What happened? Why, she was drowned, of course."

SO NATURAL.

"What do you think, darling mamma? Little Tommy and I have been playing getting married!"

"Yes, and how did you manage it?"

"Well! you see, I laid the table and we sat down. Then he tasted something and said 'it wasn't fit for a dog to eat,' and threw his napkin on the floor. Then I said he was 'a fool,' and then he swore awful and left the room, and I called him a 'brute!'"

DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.

What Mrs. B. says:

"I know of nothing so inconvenient as a jealous husband; at the same time I can conceive of nothing more humiliating than to have one's partner for life entirely free from the green-eyed monster."

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

Chawlie—"Smoking, Chappie? Don't ye know the old defawnition of a cigaw?"

Chappie—"Can't say that I do."

Chawlie—"'A cigaw is a woll of tobacco, with a light at one end and a fool at the othaw,' ye know."

Chappie—"Do you mean to insinuate that this isn't a cigar?"

NO BREACH OF CONTRACT.

Balder—"I thought you said this mixture would make my hair come out quickly; and it seems I'm getting balder and balder."

Barber—"Well, isn't your hair coming out?"

KARL KNEW HIS CUSTOMER.

Fritz—"Mein Gott, Karl! How you subbose dot skinny feller get himself outside of de schooner of beer?"

Karl—"Ach! His skin vill like rubber stredch. He vos a prohibitionist."

A TERRIBLE SCENE.

The conversation had turned on the recent ravages of wolves in Hungary, when Jones remarked:

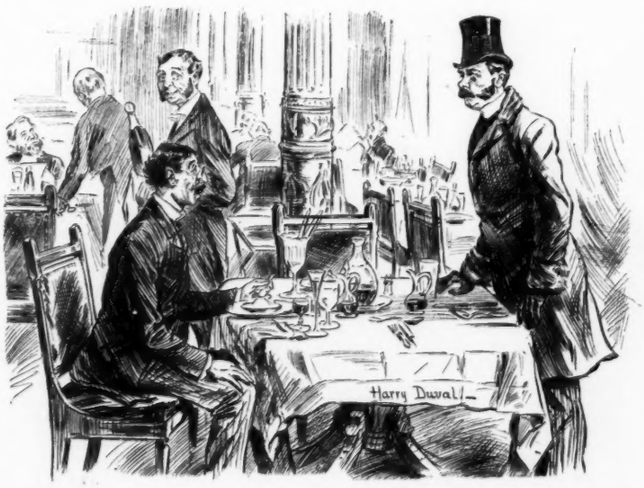
"Well! you may say what you please. Not long ago I found myself face to face with three ravenous lynxes. Snow covered the ground, and it was evidently a long time since they'd had their breakfast. Their fierce eyes glared on me and I was without weapons."

"Well?"

"Well! I stared steadily at them in return, then turned on my heel and went off whistling."

"And they didn't spring upon you?"

"How could they? They were in a cage in the Central park menagerie!"



"One of the pleasantest things in the world is to do as young Smiley did; meet your importunate tailor on the street, tell him that you haven't a cent in your pocket, and fifteen minutes later have him walk into Delmonico's and find you enjoying (?) a seven dollar and eighty cent dinner."—VOLTAIRE.

SOUND ADVICE.

A newspaper man consulted a friend.

"Brown has threatened to kick me if he meets me out in society. Suppose you were me and should see him come into the room, what would you do?"

"Sit down."

HE HAD BEEN CREMATED.

Fair feminine friend—"What have you in that urn on the mantelpiece, Jane—ashes of roses?"

Widow—"No, ashes of John."

AN IDYL OF FLORIDA.

UNCLE MARCUS—"Step raight out on dat yar rock, liddle honey, en yer'll git er bite suah."

—"Dum'd if he did n' ! ! "

—"Ef he yain't went an' disagreed wid him, den I tells lies !"

—"Dat yer mus' be de clue to de sit'wation."

LITTLE PETE (who has cut his way out with his razor)—"Dis chile allays goes heeled ! Yo' heah me a speakin' !"

HUM OF THE COURT.

The original eviction—The one that sent the snakes out of Ireland.

Speaking of bustles, coming events sometimes cast their shadows behind.

When I want to be president I'll let you know. At present don't bother me; I'm busy.—*Robert Todd Lincoln.*

Berlin has 50,000 more women than men. Go abroad, young man—go abroad and grow up with the country.

I'm as good a soldier as my brother Tecumseh ever was, and when you call for me you'll find me there.—*John Sherman.*

The tyranny that rulers try when rulers think the mean can never stop the shamrock's growth or the wearing of the green.

The harp that once in Tara's halls the soul of music grew has had its strings plucked out by fate, and by the English too.

"This entire city will go to the dogs," says the Philadelphia *News*. Really! We had supposed it had not yet returned from them.

Those ladies who speak affectionately of the musical prodigy as the little man do it by way of shortening the expression the little Hofmann.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox wants an anti-gossip club composed of women. Such a club is feasible, but the mouths of the members must be closed with sticking-plaster.

Now that Mrs. Langtry is suing for libel, we hasten to declare that there was no banquet to C. Coghlan, and that the only beverage on that occasion was milk straight.

If I'm drafted I don't believe I'll resign.—*Joseph R. Hawley.*

How does it happen that those poor fellows are suffering in Sing Sing prison for bribery when it is legally demonstrated that nobody bribed them?

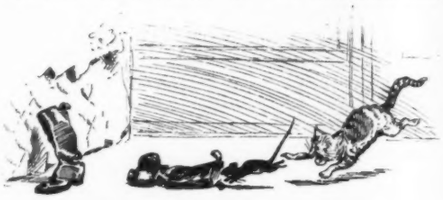
If you should happen to need my services, pray don't forget to notify me. I am a Democrat and have fully chipped my shell. Peep!—*David B. Hill.*

You gentlemen of congress, don't you observe that I'm your leader? I have begun my march; why don't you follow me? Do you want to make me lonesome?—*G. Cleveland.*

The face of Mrs. Cleveland had a wonderful effect in Georgia, Florida and South Carolina. In fact one may almost say that one smile upon that beauteous mug were worth a thousand men.

A contemporary says, speaking of a contemporary that was recently burned out, "Not even the conflagration could dampen its ardor or its enterprise." No, by Jove! and not even a torrent could burn it or send it up the spout.

WHAT STARTED GILSON IN THE BROMIDE HABIT.



He had been out late to the Press club dinner, and was not feeling particularly brisk that morning either.

We do not believe the story that says an attempt was recently made by fenians to steal the prince of Wales. Fenians, we believe, are not given to that kind of petty larceny.

The Utica *Observer* says Colonel Ritchie of the *Saratogian*, who is now suspected of the murder of Millionaire Snell of Chicago, was once a Baptist orator. This is wrong. He was a Methodist persuader.

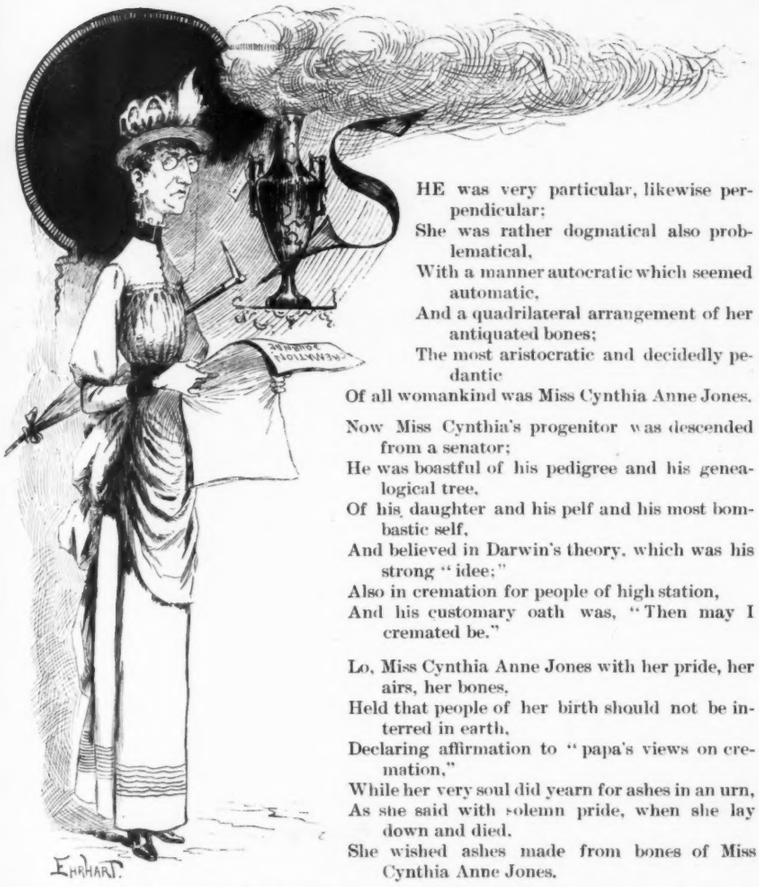
On St. Patrick's day it is worth a thought that, while the Irish are not a nation, they are so distributed over the world that, in all fighting, all politics, and all social matters, they can pretty nearly call every nation their own.

The Irishman was created for the universe—not for that small portion of it which is under the especial protection of St. Patrick. This is not to say that he must control the universe, but what would any portion of it do without him?

St. Patrick was a wise man. While he removed the snakes he didn't interfere with the liquid consolation that produced them. A cause may be ever so excellent and yet may run up to a bad effect. Ah, what a discriminating saint that Patrick was!

We shall have peace. You needn't be afraid. I've settled it. It was easy enough. All I had to do was to pack up my tackle and let the English occupy the disputed water. You won't have any war while I'm secretary of state. Good gracious! don't I know how to run?—*Thomas F. Bayard.*

CYNTHIA ANNE JONES.



HE was very particular, likewise perpendicular;
She was rather dogmatical also problematical,
With a manner autocratic which seemed automatic,
And a quadrilateral arrangement of her antiquated bones;
The most aristocratic and decidedly pedantic
Of all womankind was Miss Cynthia Anne Jones.

Now Miss Cynthia's progenitor was descended from a senator;
He was boastful of his pedigree and his genealogical tree,
Of his daughter and his pelf and his most bombastic self,
And believed in Darwin's theory, which was his strong "idee;"
Also in cremation for people of high station,
And his customary oath was, "Then may I cremated be."

Lo, Miss Cynthia Anne Jones with her pride, her airs, her bones,
Held that people of her birth should not be interred in earth,
Declaring affirmation to "papa's views on cremation,"
While her very soul did yearn for ashes in an urn,
As she said with solemn pride, when she lay down and died,
She wished ashes made from bones of Miss Cynthia Anne Jones.

But one day a fire tremendous, with results direful, stupendous,
With no regard for station or poor Jones's consternation,
Seized his houses, stocks and store, his banks of gold galore,
And at the last seized Jones himself, exponent of cremation.

Miss Cynthia deeply felt the loss of parent, houses, golden dross,
And filled the air with awful groans which died away in feeble moans;
And when one day she breathed her last, her dreams of glory all were past,
And in the earth like common folk went Cynthia Anne Jones.

E. J. C.

THE OLD-TIME TRUST.

Mrs. Beefsteak—"This is very sudden, Mr. Starveley. Why do you wish to go?"
Starveley—"Why, I see you have set up a boarding-house trust."
Mrs. Beefsteak—"Why do you say that?"
Starveley—"Because you don't seem to pay any regard to consumers."

THE HALT AT GRADY'S.

DAUGHTER-OF-THE-SONS-OF-ERIN—"Av anny man'll say pfwhat use Of am, be jabers he kin have th' kag!"

THE CLOSING OF A CHESTNUT BURR.

An immense and beautiful Universal Home of Rest, of the exquisite Colonial-Gothic-Renaissance-Queen-Anne style of American architecture, with a commodious and classic Veterinary Hospitalian Repository attached, is soon to be erected in our national metropolis of Chestnutburg. The former is to prove a permanent aristocratic abiding place for all auburn-haired single ladies who are unable or indisposed to support themselves, and who do not possess any consanguineous appendages in the shape of wealthy and generous relatives; the latter is to be fitted up for the tender care of all disabled and aged white horses for the remainder of their natural lives. It is to be built entirely with the munificent sum raised from the nickel subscriptions of the grateful editors of the *World*, who feel that the number of items furnished by the above-mentioned firm for their spicy original columns has rendered the said editors the debtors of the foregoing parties to an incalculable extent.

A CHANCE FOR HIM.

HAWLEY—"Baw Jove, old chappie! times are so deucedly hard, you know, that I weally think I must get something to do. Do you know of any opening?"

CHAWLEY—"Aw, let me see. Old Sweetfern had his cigar-store sign blown down lahst night. Do you think you could fill that vacancy?"

The adjacent county has also been purchased for $2,000,000 (from the same sum), and will be cultivated as a cemetery for the interment of all writers who meddle hereafter with this sacred topic, which, the herein-before-referred-to editors have solemnly declared, has, by its long career of active service, its present age and battle scars, earned the right to honorable retirement from the lists unto its everlasting rest.

THEY HAD TO HAVE HIM.

Stranger on the L road—"That's a very scholarly-looking man for a mere brakeman."

Intelligent citizen—"He's a professor of elocution in Columbia college, and is only on for the day. A party of excursionists from Schenectady engaged him to call off the streets so as to be sure where they are *en route*."

COULD GIVE HIM SOMETHING COOL.

(*Scene, a Dakota bar-room. Temperature, eighty degrees below zero.*)

Stranger—"Will you please make me a cold lemonade?"

Bartender—"I haven't a lemon in the house, but there's a linen duster upstairs."

JUDGE'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE SHABBY GENTEEL.

Before delusive fancies sapped the romance in his heart, delighted friends and relatives were used to term him smart. But since he left the tinsel of these youthful dreams behind, for him the world has swiftly grown a puckered orange rind; and in his deep despondency, it's whispered, he has come to critically bickering about the brands of rum.

When first in tawdry palaces of pleasure he appeared, he did not wear a battered tile, a growth of bluish beard, a knotted, rainbow hued cravat, a wrinkled suit of tweed, a pair of grimy, ragged cuffs and gaiters gone to seed. But now his shambling figure promenades the public paves (where plenty elbows poverty and saints hob-nob with knaves) in grim dilapidation and unpicturesque despair, offset by vulgar confidence and quite a rakish air. In dingy lodgings, where he hides his pettyfogging head, with peaceful ease he blows a flute, stretched lengthwise on his bed. An iron kettle chirrups from a stove devoid of legs, on which he cooks some frizzled beef or scrambles breakfast eggs. From unknown sources he derives a meagre moneyed store to satisfy the tradesmen who besiege his attic door, and still their piteous appeals and mercenary pleas, and keep his washer-woman off her acrobatic knees. At times he brews a steaming punch, and in the twilight gloom the grand old "Annie Laurie" air rings through his dingy room. One day I saw hung on his wall a portrait done in oils—a fair young face—surrounded by a pair of fencing foils; but when I strove to penetrate, with sentimental mind, the mystery about her face he dropped his dirty blind.

I do not know, I cannot guess, how he will end his days since he has left conventional and travel-trodden ways. But should a party find a flute that has a horrid squeal, they'll find at no far distant spot this whimsical genteel.

DEWITT STERRY.

CANDOR.

Straitout (on his winding way home from the lodge at 2:30 a. m.) —"Of course she'll wantcher to teller whay've been. Be saffly honest, ole boy. Do's I do. I tell my wife ev'thing that haps."

Crafty (on his winding way home from same lodge at same hour) —"So do I. But I go further'n you do. I tell mine losh o' things 'at nev hap' 'tall."

GETTING AT THE SIZE OF THE CERTIFICATE.

Boston young woman—"They tell me that Miss De Peyster has a beautiful marriage certificate."

Chicago young woman—"How much—twenty-five or fifty thousand?"

UNACCOUNTABLE RAGE.

ATTORNEY (*speaking very pleasantly*)—"It gives me great pleasure to tell you that you've won that case."

CLIENT—"Leggo my arm! you ——, ——, miserable ——, ——, good-for-nothing lunkhead you!"

ATTORNEY—"Why, man! what's the matter? Are you crazy?"

CLIENT—"N-no. Vaccinated."

A LESSON IN REAL LIFE.

Angry matron (to messenger boy)—"See that saloon over there?"

M. B.—"Yes'm."

A. M. (holding out nickel inducement)—"See this?"

M. B. (unhesitatingly, and precipitately hiding the gratuity)—"Yes'm."

A. M. (with a volubility that increases her color)—"Well, my husband's in there. Go right in and tell him—he's got a red nose and a limp collar, and talks kinder thick, and looks like he hadn't been abed for a week—tell him his wife says she's close by, and if he don't waltz out quicker'n a wink she'll bust in and take him out."

M. B.—"Yes'm." (And in nine seconds he is back.) "I told him, mum, an' the whole caboodle of 'em skipped outer the back door. I guess all your husbands muster been there at once."

HIS VIEW OF IT.

Lawyer Snap (of counsel for defendant, whose case looks doubtful, because the jury don't seem to enthuse when his witnesses testify) —"Are you acquainted with any of the jury?"

Witness (an honest man)—"Yes, sir. I know more than half of them."

Lawyer S.—"I should think it strange, very strange, if you didn't know more than all of them put together."

FICTION AND FACT.

BOSTON FATHER (reading letter from absent son)—"I always thought William would make himself popular. The Montana people have just given him a testimonial, in the shape of an eider-down party."

William, as he appeared during the eider-down party.

SEASONABLE RECIPROCITY.

THE walks are smooth as polished glass,
Humanity to earth is dropping,
As sweet Belinda, winsome lass,
Goes forth to do a little shopping.

Up fly her feet toward the sky;
'Tis passing sad, you must allow, sirs,
What anguish in that frenzied cry:
"Augustus, had I but your trousers!"

* * * * * *

The moon looks down with stony stare,
The starlets in their courses gambol,
Augustus o'er the walks a-glare
With reeling gait doth homeward amble.

Kerchunk he drops—ah! who can tell
The aching of that cushion-muscle,
Or doubt the vigor of that yell:
"A kingdom for Belinda's bustle!"

TOMMY DOD.

DURING THE RECESS.

A BIG GAME.

"These old poker stories, with big jack-pots and other chestnuts, make me tired," said Dumley, wearily. "Why, boys!" he went on, "I once played a game of cards for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars!"

The crowd whistled and one of them—a very young man—asked:

"Was it poker, Mr. Dumley?"

"No," replied Dumley; "it was solitaire."

A TRIFLE HANDICAPPED.

Brown—Robinson, will you take something?"

Robinson—"Thanks, no; I'm just going to dinner."

Brown—"Well, take an appetizer?"

Robinson—"No; I've only got thirty-five cents in my pocket and my appetite, as it is, is rather more than that amount will cover."

WORSE THAN DISEASE.

Brown—"I'm sorry to see you've got rheumatism again, Dumley. Now, I can tell you what will cure it. Take twenty grains of"—

Dumley (writhing with rheumatic pain)—"Rheumatism, my dear fellow? Why, I haven't got rheumatism!"

CAREFUL OF THE CONVENTIONALITIES.

CASEY (*who is preparing for the 17th*)—"Is that all yez has left?"
HOSTLER—"Yep. Everythin' else am ingaged."
CASEY—"Thin dom'f Oi doan' walk, befoor Oi'll shtraddle a rabbit wid th' percessin' route go'n' by Katie Galway's house!"

BRONCHO BILL—A PRAIRIE ROMANCE.

"Aha! Fair queen of the Stinky-water tribe, long have I sought for this blissful moment. See thy little Broncho Bill, The Cow-Puncher, plead for thine hand; refuse him not or you pierce him to the—"

But the scene was interrupted, as little Cow-Puncher sat himself back upon his spur, and Minnie-Hot-Scotch escaped under the blue mist that settled from his remarks.

A MORTIFYING CIRCUMSTANCE.

Boston lady (to husband)—"I was mortified to day when Mrs. Bunker called, and so amazed at little Waldo!"

Boston husband—"What did he do?"

Boston lady—"Why, Mrs. Bunker complained of feeling a little faint, and on my going to the closet for a glass of wine and a trifle for her to eat I discovered that Waldo had eaten every baked bean in the house."

GOING LIKE HOT CAKES.

Friend (to young author)—"How is your book going off, Charley?"

Young author—"It's going off fast. I've already been obliged to give away most of the first edition to my friends."

Friend—"That hardly pays. This is the first book you have had published, isn't it, Charley?"

Young author (bitterly)—"No, it's my last." PHILIP H. WELCH.

EVEN HOMER NODS.

Hezekiah Hilltop—"Let me depart, your honor, for this time unpunished save in mercy, and the place that knows me now will know me no more forever."

Judge Puffy—"No, Hezekiah. Like Lycurgus upon his death-bed, who fixed his eyes upon his friends and bade them farewell, you must"—

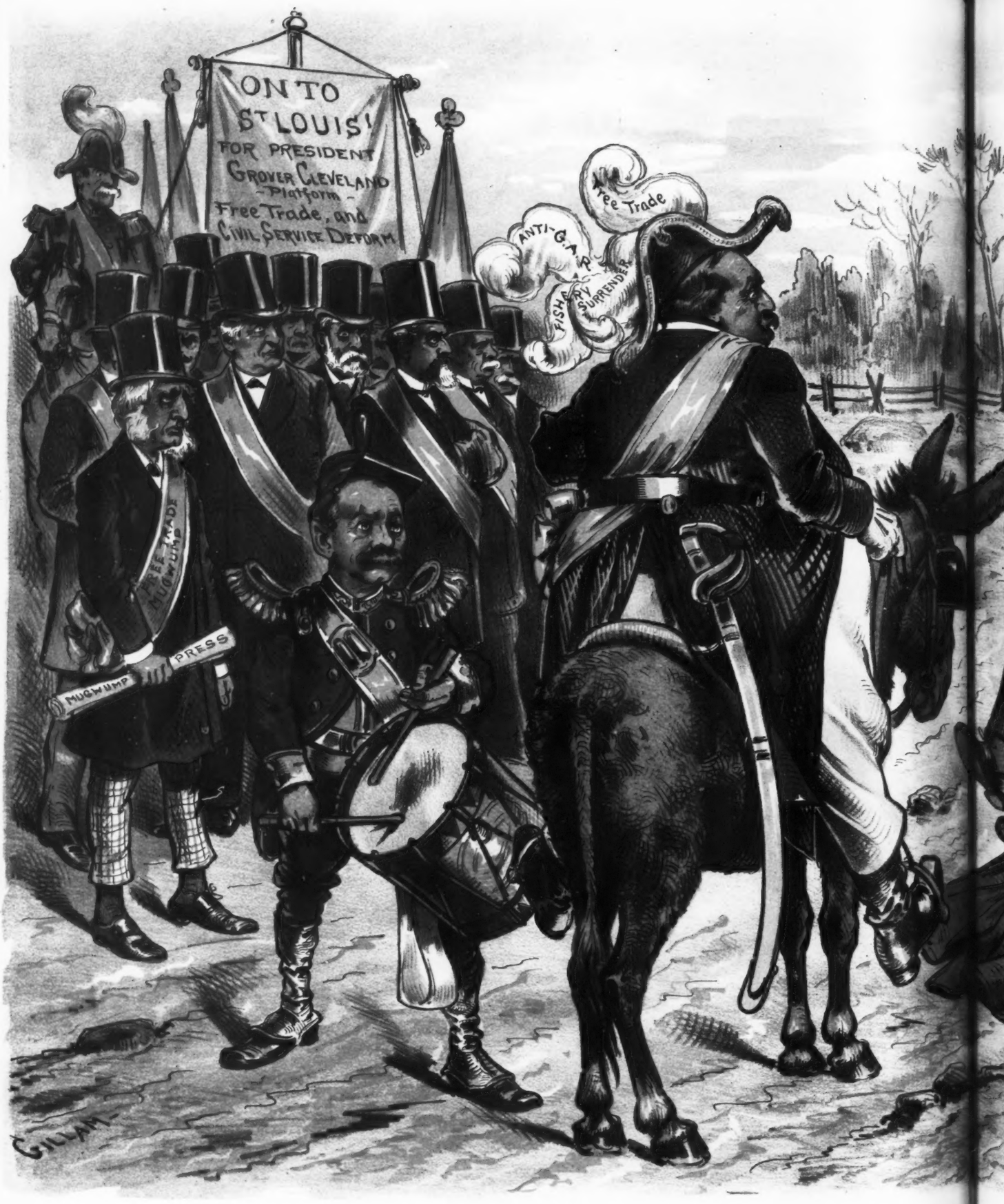
H. H.—"Pardon the interruption; but Lycurgus couldn't."

Judge P. (astonished)—"And why not, sir?"

H. H.—"Because he was a one-eyed man."

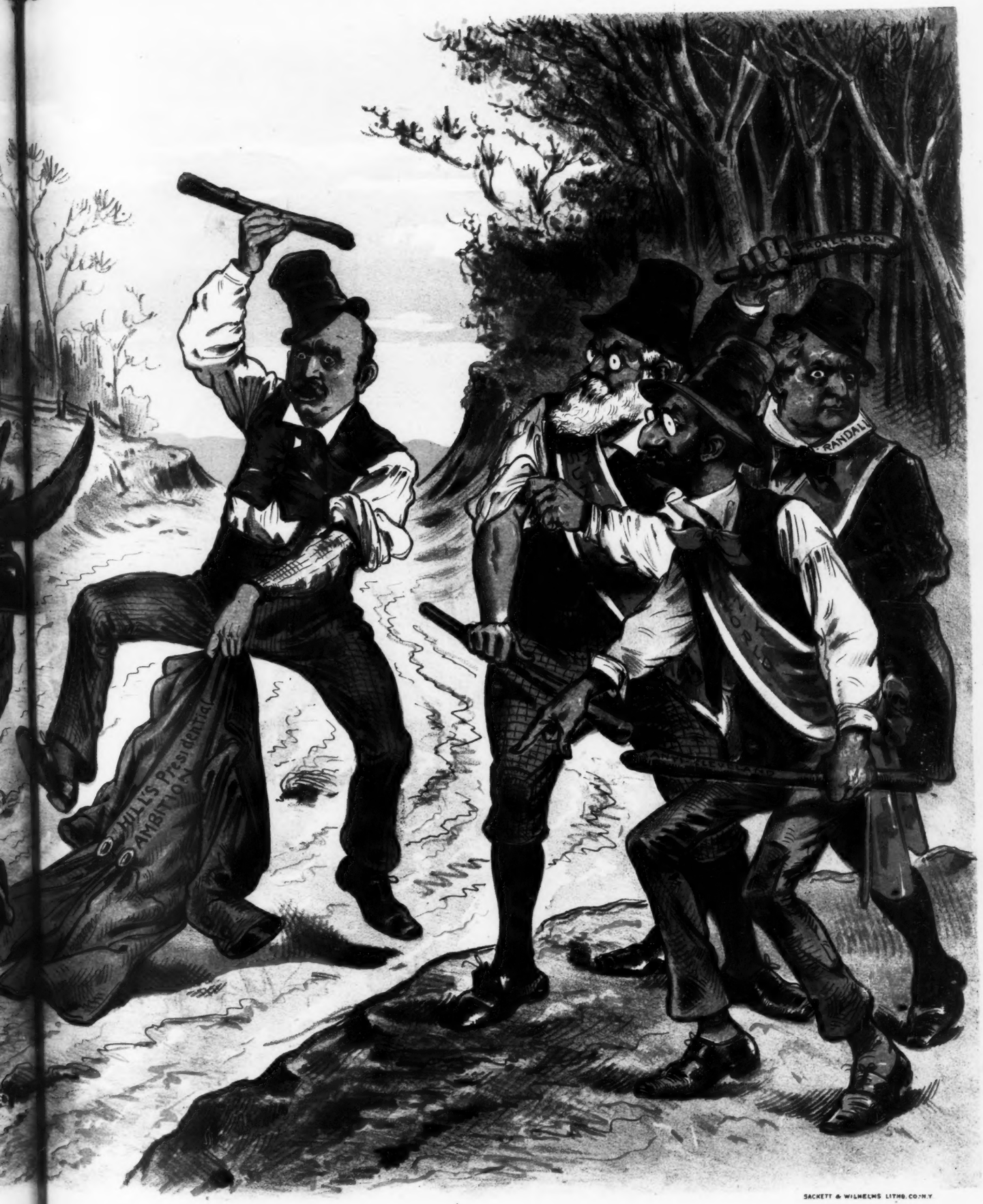
Judge P. (angered)—"Ten days or ten dollars."

De h'aht promp's a-many good wuds dat git stuck in de gullet on de way out.



THE INTERRUPTI PR

Dave O'Hill—"I am a Dimicrat! Trid upon the tail of me coat if you want t



RUPTI PROCESSION.

e coat if you want ter see some fhun. **I'm just spoilin' fer a foight! Whoop!"**

WHY FLANNELLY FAILED TO PARADE.

RS. FLANNELLY—"Troth! it comes out well this year, John."

Mr. Flannelly—"It do, Julia, it do; but av yez'll pit an yure t'imble an' tek a bit av a shtitch in thot har-rp thot do be loose betuxt th' shamrocks near th' bottom o' th' fringe, Oi'll t'ank yez."

Mrs. Flannelly—"Musha, John! wid youse goin' behind th' band, Oi'd sew miles f'r yez. Giv' it me. Well th' day Oi remimber phin yez foorst aff bought th' bygalia, an' Dinny Costigan, th' bloody Orangeman, tould yez t' pit it an ice thot it 'ud not shpoil - an' acushla! how yez did t'ump him thot sem day! Be gor, his ould 'ooman wor borryin' anarchy an' lineamints av me fer go'n an t'ree weeks, so she wor!"

Mr. Flannelly—"It's youse thot has charity, darlin'. Bad cess t' this batton! Wan o' th' gould tips is afther kimmin' aff, an' it laves th' grane ribbin shlip 'till Oi'm chrazy wid it."

Mrs. Flannelly—"Lave me bite it tegither. Thim lasht tathe yez won at Quinlan's roffle wud chrush pavin' shtones (c-r-r-unch)! It'll bother yez no more. Pfwhat's thot aisin' itsilf doon yure coat? Aha! Johnny, it's youse thot do have th' soft feelin's wid a tear as big as a horsey-chestnut. Shure it ain't mooch Oi kin do fer yez, me bye, but av youse ain't th' gim av th' peeshade Oi'm a divoorched wooman foortwid."

Mr. Flannelly—"J-Julie, it's youse thot do be always bhreakin' me hear-rt wid yure k-kindness, darlin'. Oi'll tek a shmack now av Oi die,—s-w-eee-mp-ck! (and the Connelly's across on the opposite rock raised their windows to locate the premature blast). Wid me bhlack doe-shkin coat, me aisy breeches, me bygalia thot's not bet be anny in th' A Ho'Haitch, an' me batton wid jist enough rid in it t' show aff th' grane thot ghrips th' haythin color, an' wid me plug--, be th' Saint's loongs! Julia, Oi fegot me hat. Did yez see it?"

Mrs. Flannelly—"Fait' Oi did, me man. Phin yez kim in lasht year an th' mor rnin' av th' eighteenth, wid yure hide shtuffed wid beer-sandwishes, Oi tuk it aff yure arrum, led back th' top wid Shpaldin's glue, an' pit it away in th' chisht in th' loft betuxt th' quilt me mither's mither knitted wid her own han's, an' th' picthure av th' pope — (God grant him hivin!) — an' it's theyre yit, as cosy an' dacint as a hidghog in his hole."

Mr. Flannelly—"Oi'll go oop th' laddher an' bring it doon, an' in th' mane time, wan moor shmall kiss fer th' sake av th' day thot's kimmin'."

* * * * * *

Policeman Driscoll—"Oi doan' know will she kim out av it, sor, wid out stimmilants, fer sich a clip she got wud shtop a comet."

Ambulance surgeon—"Was he full when he hit her?"

Policeman—"Sober as a crow, sor."

Surgeon—"How did he come to do it, then?"

Policeman—"Well, sor, from th' inquires Oi'm afther mekin' from th' nebburs—fer divil th' wur-rud Oi kin git from him, himsilf—he wor afther findin' a litther av t'ree kittins in his Pathrick's-day hat, an' be gor, sor, wid differenc t' th' law, sor, yez kin shoot me av Oi wudn' done th' sem!"

O'SHAW.

CAREFUL OF HIS REPUTATION.

Lawyer—"I have applied for a mandamus in your case."

Client (superintendent of a Sunday-school)—"Don't you think it would sound better to make it a mandarnus?"

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

'Case a bird walks a'n't no sign hit can't fly.

A man may w'ar a new coat widout w'arin' a new charactah.

De live leftennant wid a wooden leg am bettah 'en a dead cap'en.

Many a man dat carries an index ob ginrel knowledge hab got o'ny a passin' 'quaintance wid hisse'f.

W'ile de housewife am connin' how she 'ull dress de chicken w'en she kills hit, offen de chicken dies.

Chillen duplicate de follies ob dair fodders widout drawin' on de stock ob 'speruence dat de follies brought intoe de fam'ly.

Ef yo' cotch a fish a foot long, well an' good; but ef yo' 'sert dat de fish war ten foot long nobody 'ull beleeb dat yo' got a bite.

De man dat stays home beleebs de sun sets wha' hit goes out ob sight.

De man dat cuts 'cross lots to git dar fust offen wondahs how de man dat went roun' by de road got dar befo' him.

De young man w'at t'inks he am gittin' 'is fun dut cheap 'ull fin' dat he dun paid de highes' mahket price fo' hit w'en he balances 'is books.

J. A. WALDRON.

CONSOLATORY—AFTER THE FUNERAL.

"Poor Robert! But he had a very pleasant funeral."

"Yes."

"I thought there would be such a crowd at the house, but there wasn't. There were just enough people, not too many."

"Yes."

"And weren't the flowers lovely? The relatives all brought some, but they were not oppressively abundant; there were just enough."

"Yes."

"And the funeral service was exquisite. I was afraid it would be too long, but it was not, neither was it too short. The Rev. Mr. K—— was most happy in his remarks—not too laudatory, yet still not too scant with his praise."

"Yes."

"And the widow's mourning was so suitable; it was not too sombre, yet it was not too light."

"Yes, madame!—and the corpse—was perfect. It was not too dead, just dead enough. And it was most appropriate for the coffin; not too large, just large enough! But my deceased brother was always a person to appreciate the fitness of things. I can fully realize *his* enjoyment of the occasion."

"Oh! You brute!"

McFAGGATYS WRATH.

McFaggaty (*on the morning of the parade*)—"Mary of Scots wor behedded, Robby Immet wor hung, an' Wilkey Booth wor shot, an' begorra av Oi find the man thet did thot he'll tink he's all tree av thim Oi've mintioned befoor Oi'm troo wid him."

A COLD DAY FOR HIM.

Bagley—"Why on earth are you wearing that fall overcoat in this weather, John? Why, the mercury's below zero!"

Gagley (*sadly*)—"So is my credit, Tom—so is my credit."

BEFORE THE BILLBOARD.

Mrs. Rooney—"Luk, Rooney, luk at Casey's gawt; she do be atin' ther dhurty te-at-rical picters wid paint an thim; phoi don't yez give her a skelp wid yer imbrelly?"

Rooney—"Faith an' oile not riffle a hair av her; Casey's gurl do be sifferin' wid ther faver, and ther goommy sthuff an thim picters will put a crame on ther milk."

THE BOOT ON THE OTHER LEG.

The well-to-do citizen and the tramp—"You should be ashamed to beg, a stout, healthy fellow like you!"

"And you should be ashamed, dressed as you are, to refuse me one poor little quarter."

A CORDIAL INVITATION.

Friend (*to intoxicated individual in grocery store*)—"I see you're buying some eggs."

Intoxicated individual—"Yesh. Have some wish me? My treat."

A MANLY EXPLANATION.

SENOR DEL TORRO (Prindle) the bull fighter—" You have insulted my wife, sir, and I demand an apology! "
SIR WALTER RALEIGH (McGuffin)—" H-how? "
DEL TORRO—" During the last dance, before the unmasking, she ventured a pleasant little remark, and you told her to shut up! "
RALEIGH—" Great Grail! was that your wife? 'Pon my word, dear boy, I thought it was mine! "

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A CAKE OF

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Will cure Dandruff and convince you by its grateful effect on the skin that for Toilet, Bath, and Nursery purposes it is without an equal. All druggists, 25 cents. Sample, 4 cents. Mention JUDGE.

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A teaspoonful diluted with an equal quantity of water will at once relieve a distressing cough or cold. A few drops on the hands or wrists will prevent or cure chapping. Cuts, burns and irritated surfaces of whatever kind are relieved by applications of Vegetable Glycerine. It is a natural remedy of purely vegetable origin, containing no animal fats.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a combination of two of the most valuable remedies in existence for the cure of Consumption and all Wasting Conditions; is more generally recommended and used by Physicians than any known remedy; it gives most satisfactory results, and tones up the system; and when the Consumptive has wasted away and loses hope, the Emulsion will speedily check the ravages of this terrible disease, and restore the sufferer to good health and happiness. This is equally true in regard to Rickets in Children, or Marasmus and Anæmia in Adults, and all impoverished conditions of the blood; and especially desirable for Colds and Chronic Coughs, as it will cure them more quickly than ordinary Specifics used. Palatable as milk.

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For your cough. If it does not cure you it costs you nothing, as your money is returned. But it will cure you. Prepared only by Wm. B. Riker & Son, Druggists and Manufacturing Chemists, 353 6th ave., near 22nd street, where they have been established 42 years. Per bottle (half pint), 60 cents. All their preparations sold on same conditions. Insist on having Riker's Expectorant, and you are sure of perfect satisfaction. Sold almost everywhere.

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THE JUDGE AND ITS GENIUS.

We congratulate our comic contemporary, the JUDGE, on the accession of the Hon. James Arkell of Canajoharie, to its staff of writers. Mr. Arkell will contribute a political article every week, and, though he is a Republican, his politics have always an American quality which make his views interesting even to his determined opponents.—*New York Sun*

Music by the fireside,
Music in the air,
Music from a "*Sohmer*"
Means music everywhere.
Music on the mountain,
Music in the hall;
The strains from this piano
Bring joy to one and all.

TAKE CARE OF THE PENNIES AND THE DOLLARS WILL, ETC.

"Dake care by dem bennies und der dollars vill dook care by demselfs," says he, with scorn. "Chiminy Hooky! how rich I vould be if dot broverb ver drue. Der firsd dime I dook care uf der bennies I put der dollars in a leedle peezness, und my vicked bardner elobed mit dem. Negst, I dook care of some more bennies und put der dollars in a newsbaper. I vish, now, dot I had laid dem on a vinder in der Stock Exshange. Dot vood haf der same ding been, only gwicker und less drubble."—*The German Policeman.*

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FAMILY MEDICINES and TOILET REQUISITES. Because:

First—They do exactly what is expected of them in at least 95 cases out of 100.

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Fourth—Their preparations, without exception, are the most reliable, reasonable, satisfactory and best value of any manufacturer in the United States. Send for their illustrated catalogue of family medicines and toilet requisites, which is mailed free on request.

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PLYMOUTH ROCK $3 PANTS

Full Suits and Overcoats

at proportionate prices.

For many years JANUARY AND FEBRUARY have been great months with us for orders from NEW customers. People who have bought a tail suit at home and now are determined to send us their TRIAL ORDER for PANTS to patch out with until they are ready for a spring suit. Then we are pretty sure to have their order for THAT SPRING SUIT, as a result of their SURPRISE AND SATISFACTION at the excellence of the pants we cut to order for $3, because we cut a full suit, custom-made, for only $13.25. Upon receipt of 6 cents we mail 20 samples to select from, self-measurement blanks, so accurate that WE assume all risk of fitting, and, if you mention this paper, a good linen tape measure. Or, if you cannot wait for samples, and will leave selection to us, tell us about what color you prefer, send WAIST, INSIDE LEG, AND HIP MEASURE, together with $3, and 35 cents to prepay mail or express, and WE will take all chance of pleasing, and GUARANTEE SAFE DELIVERY. For ANY cause, we refund money upon return of goods. The American Express Company, (CAPITAL $20,000,000), will cheerfully reply to any one writing to their Boston office about us.

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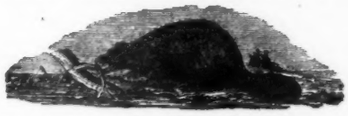

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Ely's Cream Balm
Price 50 cents,
Will do more in Curing
CATARRH
Than $500 in any other way.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., N. Y.

A LEVEL HEADED WIFE.

"Maria," said Brown after they had moved into their new house, "we have a spacious back yard that ought to be put to some use."

"Yes, it ought."

"Suppose you get some poultry."

'No, sir."

"Why not?"

"If our colored neighbors want chickens, let them buy them."—*Hotel Mail.*

PROF FANGHE STER'S CATECHISM.

PROF. What is a tooth brush for?

STUDENT. To cleanse teeth and prevent decay.

PROF. Does a bristle brush answer this purpose?

STU. The many bad teeth, unsightly fillings, cavities, etc., would indicate not.

PROF. Does it prevent disease?

STU. Dental treatises say bristles cause "Rigg's disease," alveolar abscess, gum recesion, loss of teeth, etc.

PROF. What do dentists say of the bristle?

STU. Prominent among them, Dr. J. Foster Flagg of Philadelphia Dental College, writes: "Bristle tooth brushes do infinitely more harm than good."

PROF. Has anything better been proposed?

STU. Yes, recently a brush has been invented which does not hurt the gums, is a perfect polisher of the enamel, a thorough cleanser and absorbent, called the ideal felt tooth polisher, sold everywhere, or mailed for sixty cents by Horsey M'f'g Company, Utica, N. Y.

NO CONTRADICTION FROM THE BARBER.

"I vould let a barper dalk to me so long vot he likes, but I vould lick him uf he contradicted me. A barper has no right to sharge a man den cents for obinions vich he ton'd vont—or feefteen mit pay rum. Since our enderbrising and bublic sbirited frents und broders, der Eyedalians, haf reduced der tax on having hair egstracted mitout bain down to fife cents, every man vonts his own obinions mixed up in his own cup und mit his own prush laid on."—*The German Policeman.*

HOW HE ADVERTISED.

A gentleman, living in a small city in the West, had inherited consumption from his father, and the doctor told him he must die. He stopped taking their weakening physic and tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In three months he was strong and well. The gentleman's neighbors knew how sickly he formerly was, and asked him to state in public how he had been cured. He advertised to lecture on a certain evening, in the public hall, and there was a large audience present. This was his lecture: A picture of himself, before, and one after, he tried the remedy, and five empty bottles of Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He said nothing, but convinced his audience just the same.

It outrivals all—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

A feller dot hafe a mind on his head, must gif dot mind some bread und butter to keep it lifely.

No matter of your head vas shtuffed mit knowledges, go on der church house, und der goot tings dot vas lazy on your mind vas get inwigorations, dot's so.

A BRIGHT FUTURE

is simply the natural result of wise action in the present. Money being necessary, in the regular order of things, the chances for making it are observed by the wise. Reader, you can make $1 and upwards per hour in a new line of pleasant business. Capital not needed; you are started free. All ages. Both sexes. Any one can easily do the work and live at home. Write at once and learn all; no harm done, if after knowing all you conclude not to engage. All is free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

THE popular novelty for the family circle and card-players generally. Hyatt's Patent Game Register and Trump Indicator registers points, scores the games and shows the trumps. Awarded prize at American Institute Fair. Sample sent upon receipt of 15 cents in stamps or two for 25 cents. HOPE NOVELTY CO., 72 Fulton street, New York, wholesale and retail dealers in toys, stationery and fancy articles

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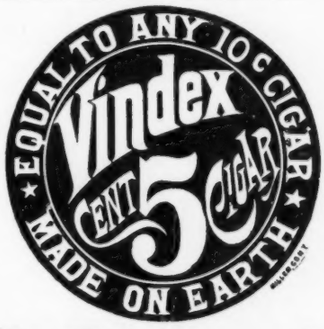

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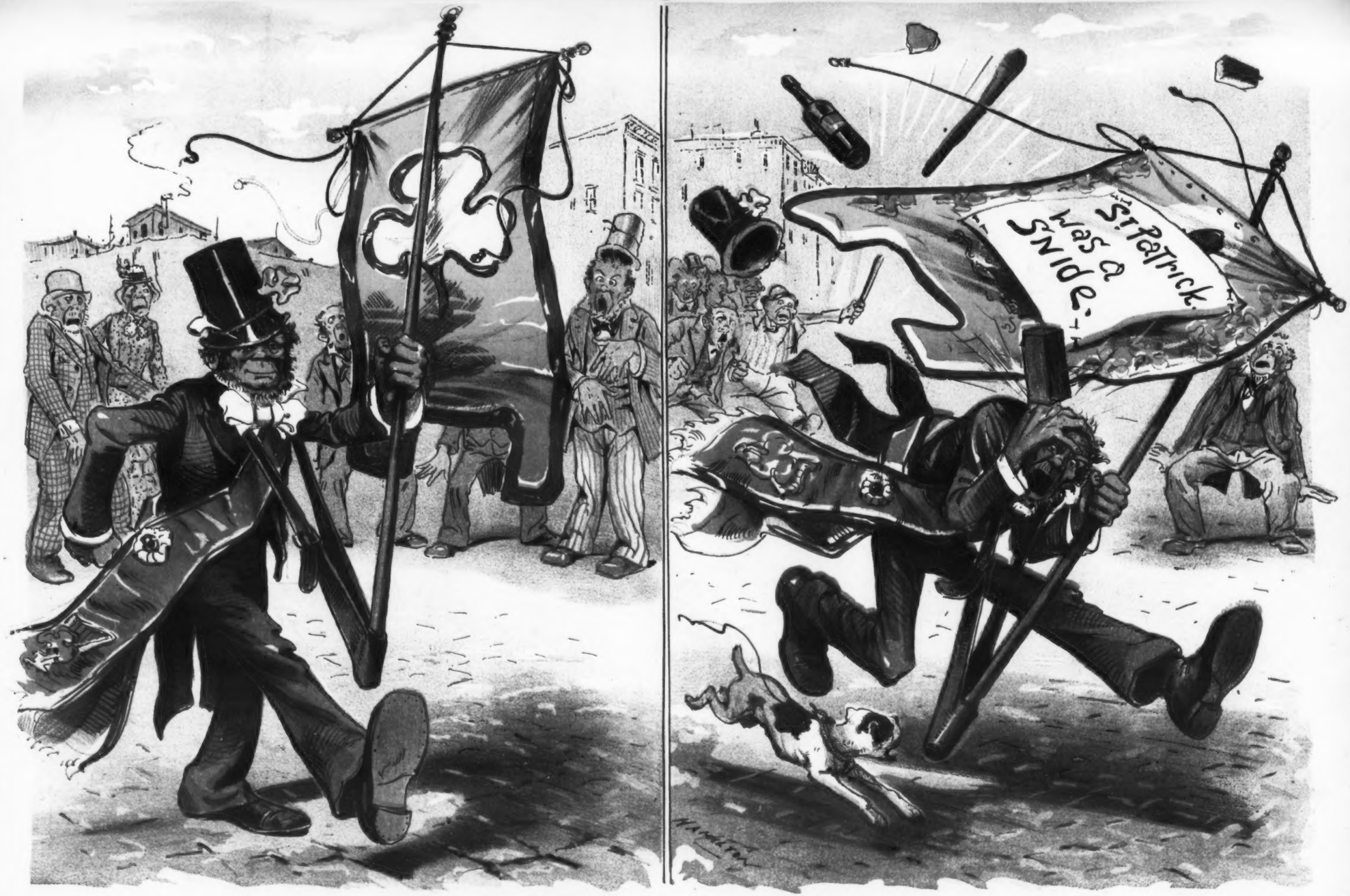

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O'Connor (*who has been appointed banner-bearer starts for the Hall*)—"Shure it will do no har-rm to show off a bit befoor the precission starts. I'll unfoorl the shtandard."

But he was unaware that his youngest son had been monkeying with it.